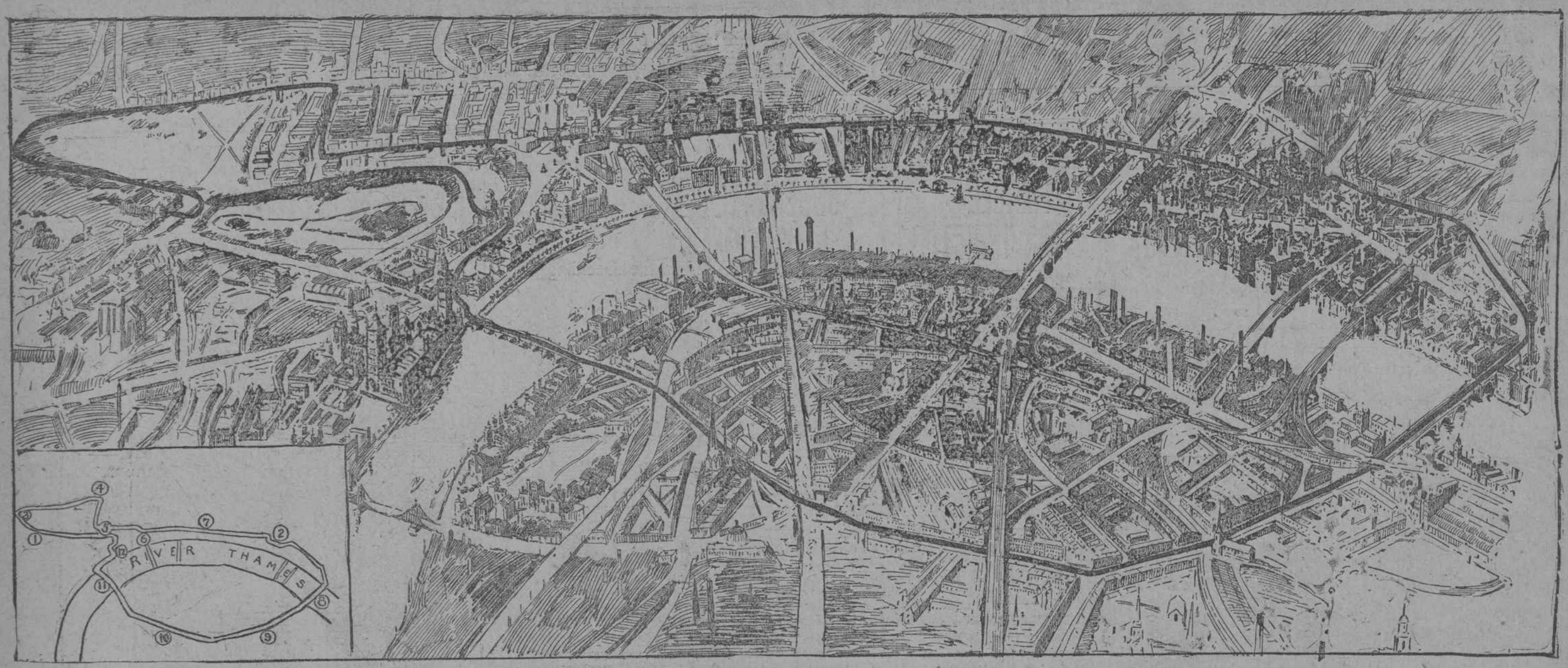

ROUTE OF THE JUBILEE PROCESSION THROUGH LONDON NEXT TUESDAY---THE QUEEN'S DAY.

Key to the Map—1, Buckingham Palace; 2, St. Paul's Cathedral; 3, Hyde Park corner; 4, corner of St. James street; 5, Marlborough House; 6, Charing Cross Station; 7, the Law Courts; 8, London Bridge; 9, St. George's Church, Borough; 10, St. George's Circus; 11, Westminster Bridge; 12, the Horse Guards.

fort. Many things about it will set one to reflecting upon what a large feature of this world England is to-day, and this will in turn move one, even the least imaginative, to cast a glance down her long perspective and note the steps of her progress and the insignificance of her first estate. In this matter London is itself a suggestive object lesson.

I suppose that London has always existed. One cannot easily imagine an England that had no London. No doubt there was a village here 5,000 years ago. It was on the river somewhere west of where the Tower is now; it was built of thatched mud huts close to a couple of limpid brooks, and on every hand for miles and miles stretched rolling plains of fresh green grass, and here and there were groups and groves of trees. The tribes wore skins—sometimes merely their own, sometimes those of other animals. The chief was monarch, and helped out his complexion with blue paint. His industry was the chase, his relaxation was war. Some of the Englishmen who will view the procession to-day are carrying his ancient blood in their veins.

London's Great Procession in 1415.

It may be that that village remained about as it began, away down to the Roman occupation, a couple of thousand years ago. It was still not much of a town when Alfred burned the cakes. Even when the Conqueror first saw it, it did not amount to much. I think it must have been short of distinguished architecture or he would not have travelled down into the country to the village of Westminster to get crowned. If you skip down 350 years further you will find a London of some little consequence, but I believe that that is as much as you can say for it. Still, I am interested in that London, for it saw the first two processions which will live longer than any others in English history, I think; the date of the one is 1415, the other is that of 1897.

The compactly built part of the London of 1415 was a narrow strip not a mile long, which stretched east and west through the middle of what is now called "the city." The houses were densest in the region of Cheapside. South of the strip were scattering residences which stood in turfy lawns which sloped to the river. North of the strip, fields and country homes extended to the walls. Let us represent that London by three checkerboard squares placed in a row; then open out the New York Journal like a book, and the space which it covers will properly represent the London of to-day by comparison. It is the difference between your hand and a blanket. It is possible that that ancient London had 100,000 inhabitants, and that 100,000 outsiders came to town to see the procession. The present London contains five or six million inhabitants, and it has been calculated that the population has jumped to 10,000,000 to-day.

The pageant of 1415 was to celebrate the gigantic victory of Agincourt, then and still the most colossal in England history.

From that day to this there has been nothing that even approached it but Plassey. It was the third and greatest in the series of monster victories won by the English over the French in the Hundred Years' War—Crecy, Poitiers, Agincourt. At Agincourt, according to history, 15,000 English, under Henry V., defeated and routed an army of 100,000 French. Sometimes history makes it 8,000 English and 20,000 French; but, no matter, in both cases the proportions are preserved. Eight thousand of the French nobility were slain and the rest of the order taken prisoners—1,500 in number—among them the Dukes of Orleans and Bourbon and Marshal Boucicaut; and the victory left the whole northern half of France an English possession. This wholesale depletion of the aristocracy made such a stringent scarcity in its ranks that when the young peasant girl, Joan of Arc, came to undo Henry's mighty work fourteen years later she could hardly gather together nobles enough to man her staff.

DUKE OF ORLEANS.
(By Mark Twain.)

DUKE OF BEAUFORT.
(By Mark Twain.)

The Joy of a Great Victory.

The battle of Agincourt was fought on the 25th of October, and a few days later the tremendous news was percolating through England. Presently it was sweeping the country like a tidal wave, like a cyclone, like a conflagration. Choose your own figure, there is no metaphor known to the language that can exaggerate the tempest of joy and pride and exultation that burst everywhere along the progress of that great news.

The King came home, and brought his soldiers with him—he and they the idols of the nation, now. He brought his 1,500 captive knights and nobles, too—we shall not see any such output of blue blood as that to-day, bond or free. The King rested three weeks in his palace, the Tower of London, while the people made preparations and prepared the welcome due him. On the 23d of December all was ready.

There were no cables, no correspondents, no newspapers then—a regrettable defect, but not irremediable. A young man who would have been a correspondent if he had been born 500 years later was in London at the time, and he remembers the details. He has communicated them to me through a competent spirit medium, phrased in a troublesome mixture of obsolete English and mouldy French, and I have thoroughly modernized his story, and put it into straight English, and will here record it. I will explain that his Sir John Oldcastle is a person whom we do not know very well by that name, nor much care for; but we know him well and adore him, too, under his other name—Sir John Falstaff. Also, I will remark that two miles of the Queen's progress to-day will be over ground traversed by the procession of Henry V.; all solid bricks and mortar, now, but open country in Henry's day, and clothed in that unapproachable beauty which has been the monopoly of sylvan England since the creation. Ah, where now are those long-vanished forms, those unreturning feet! Let us not inquire too closely. Translated, this is the narrative of the spirit-correspondent, who is looking down upon me at this moment from his high home, and admiring to see how the art and mystery of spelling has improved since his time:

Henry V.'s Pageant.

I was commanded by my lord the Lord Mayor to make a report for the archives, and was furnished with a fleet horse, and with a paper permitting me to go anywhere at my will, without let or hindrance, even up and down the processional route, though no other person not of the procession itself was allowed this unique privilege during the whole of the 21st and the 22d.

In the morning of the 22d, toward noon, I rode from the Tower into the city, and through it as far as Paul's. All the way, on both sides, all the windows, balconies and roofs were crowded with people, and wherever there was a vacancy it had been built up in high tiers of seats covered with red cloth, and these seats were also filled with people—in all cases in bright holiday attire—the women of fashion barring the view from all in the rear with those tiresome extinguisher hats, which of late have grown to be a cloth-yard high. From every balcony depended silken stuffs of splendid and various colors, and figured and pictured rich tapestries. It was brisk, sharp weather, but a rare one for sun, and when one looked down this swinging double wall of beautiful fabrics, glowing and flashing and changing color like prisms in the flooding light, it was a most fair sight to see. And there were frequent May poles, garlanded to their tops, and from the tops swung sheaves of silken long ribbons of all bright colors, which in the light breeze writhed and twisted and prettily mingled themselves together.

I rode solitary—in state, as it might be—and was envied, as I could see, and did not escape comment, but had a plenty of it; for the conduits were running gratis wine, and the results were accumulating. I got many ribald compliments—on my riding, on my clothes, on my office. Everybody was happy, so it was best to seem so myself, which I did—for those people's aim was better than their eggs.

A place had been reserved for me on a fine and fanciful erection in St. Paul's Churchyard, and there I waited for the procession. It seemed a long time, but at last a dull booming sound arose in the distance, and after awhile we saw the banners and the head of the procession come into view, and heard the muffled roar of voices that welcomed it. The roar moved continuously toward us, growing steadily louder and louder, and stronger and stronger, and with it the bray and crash of music; and presently it was right with us, and seemed to roll over us and submerge us, and stun us, and deafen us—and behold, there was the hero of Agincourt passing by!

All the multitude was standing up, red-faced, frantic, bellowing, shouting, the tears running down their faces; and through the storm of waving hats and handkerchiefs one glimpsed the battle banners and the drifting host of marching men as through a dimming flurry of snow.

The King, tall, slender, handsome, rode with his visor up that all might see his face. He was clad in his silver armor from head to heel, and had his great two-handed sword at his side, his battle-axe at his pommel, his shield upon his arm and about his helmet waved and tossed a white mass of fluffy plumes. On either side of him rode the captive dukes, plumed like himself, but wearing long crimson satin gowns over their armor; after these came the French marshal similarly habited; after him followed the fifteen hundred French knights, with robes of various colors over their armor; and with each two rode two English knights, sometimes robed in various colors, sometimes in white, with a red cross on the shoulder, these white-clad ones being Knights Templars. Every man of the three thousand bore his shield upon his left arm, newly polished and burnished, and on it was his device.

As the King passed the church he bowed his head and lifted his shield, and by one impulse all the knights did the same; and so as far down the line as the eye could reach one saw the lifted shields simultaneously catch the sun, and it was like a sudden mile-long shaft of flashing light; and lord, it lit up that dappled sea of color with a glory like "the golden vortex in the west over the foundered sun!" (The introduction of this quotation is very interesting, for it shows that our literature of to-day has a circulation in heaven—pirated editions, no doubt.—M. T.)

The knights were a long time in passing; then came 5,000 Agincourt men-at-arms, and they were a long time; and at the very end, last of all, came that intolerable old tun of sack and godless ruffler, Sir John Oldcastle (now risen from the dead for the third time), fat-faced, purple with the spirit of bygone and lamented drink, smiling his hospitable, wide smile upon all the world, leering at the women, wallowing about in his saddle, proclaiming his valorous deeds as fast as he could lie, taking the whole glory of Agincourt to his single self, measuring off the miles of his slain and then multiplying them by 5, 7, 10, 15, as inspiration after inspiration came to his help—the most inhuman spectacle in England, a living, breathing outrage, a slander upon the human race; and after him came, mumming and blethering, his infamous lieutenants; and after them his "paladins," as he calls them, the mangiest lot of starvelings and cowards that was ever littered, the disgrace of the noblest pageant that England has ever seen. God rest their souls in the place appointed for all such!

There was a moment of prayer at the Temple, the procession moved down the country road, its way walled on both sides by welcoming multitudes, and so, by Charing Cross, and at last to the Abbey for the great ceremonies. It was a grand day, and will remain in men's memories.

That was as much of it as the spirit correspondent could let me have; he was obliged to stop there, because he had an engagement to sing in the choir, and was already late.

A Thought-Breeding Contrast.

The contrast between that old England and the present England is one of the things which will make the pageant of the present day impressive and thought-breeding. The contrast between the England of the Queen's reign and the England of any previous British reign is also an impressive thing. British history is two thousand years old, and yet in a good many ways the world has moved further ahead since the Queen was born than it moved in all the rest of the two thousand put together. A large part of this progress has been moral, but naturally the material part of it is the most striking and the easiest to measure. Since the Queen first saw the light she has seen invented and brought into use (with the exception of the cotton gin, the spinning frames and the steamboat) every one of the myriad of strictly modern inventions which, by their united powers, have created the bulk of the modern civilization and made life under it easy and difficult, convenient and awkward, happy and horrible, soothing and irritating, grand and trivial, an indispensable blessing and an unimaginable curse—she has seen all these miracles, these wonders, these marvels piled up in her time, and yet she is but seventy-eight years old. That is to say, she has seen more things invented than any other monarch that ever lived; and more than the oldest old-time English commoner that ever lived, including Old Parr; and more than Methuselah himself—five times over.

Great Things Victoria Has Seen Accomplished.

Some of the details of the moral advancement which she has seen are also very striking and easily graspable.

She has seen the English criminal laws prodigiously modified, and 200 capital crimes swept from the statute book.

She has seen English liberty greatly broadened—the governing and law-making powers, formerly the possession of the few, extended to the body of the people, and purchase in the army abolished.

She has seen the public educator—the newspaper—created, and its teachings placed within the reach of the leanest purse. There was nothing properly describable as a newspaper until long after she was born.

She has seen the world's literature set free, through the institution of international copyright.

She has seen America invent arbitration, the eventual substitute for that enslaver of nations, the standing army; and she has seen England pay the first bill under it, and America shirk the second—but only temporarily; of this we may be sure.

She has seen a Hartford-American (Dr. Wells) apply anaesthetics in surgery for the first time in history, and for all time banish the terrors of the surgeon's knife; and she has seen the rest of the world ignore the discoverer and a Boston doctor steal the credit of his work.

She has seen medical science and scientific sanitation cut down the death rate of civilized cities by more than half, and she has seen these agencies set bounds to the European march of the cholera and imprison the Black Death in its own home.

She has seen woman freed from the oppression of many burdensome and unjust laws; colleges established for her; privileged to earn degrees in man's colleges—but not get them; in some regions rights accorded to her which lift her near to political equality with man, and a hundred bread winning occupations found for her where hardly one existed before—among them medicine, the law, and professional nursing. The Queen has herself recognized merit in her sex: of the 501 lordships which she has conferred in sixty years, one was upon a woman.

The Queen has seen the right to organize trade unions extended to the workman, after that right had been the monopoly of guilds of masters for six hundred years.

She has seen the workman rise into political notice, then into political force, then (in some parts of the world) into the chief and commanding political force; she has seen the day's labor of twelve, fourteen and eighteen hours reduced to eight, a reform which has made labor a means of extending life instead of a means of committing salaried suicide.

But it is useless to continue the list—it has no end.

England's Growth in Victoria's Time

There will be complexions in the procession to-day which will suggest the vast distances to which the British dominion has extended itself around the fat rotundity of the globe since Britain was a remote unknown back settlement of savages with tin for sale, two or three thousand years ago; and also how great a part of this extension is comparatively recent; also how surprisingly speakers of the English tongue have increased within the Queen's time.

When the Queen was born there were not more than 25,000,000 English-speaking people in the world; there are about 120,000,000 now. The other long-reign Queen, Elizabeth, ruled over a short 100,000 square miles of territory and perhaps 5,000,000 subjects; Victoria reigns over more territory than any other sovereign in the world's history ever reigned over; her estate covers a fourth part of the habitable area of the globe, and her subjects number about 400,000,000.

It is indeed a mighty estate, and I perceive now that the English are mentioned in the Bible:

"Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth."

The Long-Reign Pageant will be a memorable thing to see, for it stands for the grandeur of England, and is full of suggestion as to how it had its beginning and what have been the forces that have built it up.

MARK TWAIN.

MARK TWAIN'S JUBILEE.

Continued from Page Forty-three.

Henry. The President cannot make up his mind which one he prefers. He thinks that no matter which one he owned it would not be the one he wanted. He is full of his flatteries. Still, it is only his good heart; of course, I know that.

In a Trance of Sacred Emotion.

I did my own portrait from life. It is a looking glass portrait. It represents me thinking out a great work—a novel, I think, a sort of exalted prose poem. You can see that I have just caught the idea. I am in a kind of trance of sacred emotion. I got that effect by drinking. I had not caught the idea then, and so I had to represent it artificially. You cannot get an effect like that out of milk. I prefer milk, because I am a prohibitionist, but I do not go to it for inspirations.

I do not wear whiskers, but I painted them on to get that look of purity and elevation which you see in the picture. And I wear my hair bushier than that, but I applied that shrinkage which you see in the picture so as to give the general scheme of the portrait a look of courtliness and wealth. The President told me himself that he considers this picture the most remarkable thing that has happened in the Long Reign—in Art he means, I suppose. He probably did not mean more than half of that, but in the matter of compliment he cannot restrain himself when he gets going. But I will stop now. I do not like to talk about myself.

Could you sell these pictures for me when you are done with them? But unless you can get a good price, I authorize you to give them to the Metropolitan Museum of Art. I wish to see that institution take a high place in the world of art, and am willing to do what I can to that end.

MARK TWAIN.

SWARMING INTO LONDON.

Many Well-Known Americans To Attend the Jubilee Exercises—Social Events.

London, June 19.—Many distinguished persons have arrived in London during the past week to attend the Jubilee. The first arrival to-day was Prince Waldemar, of Denmark. The Archduke Franz Ferdinand of Austria and a large suite, Prince Albrecht, of Prussia, the brother of the Khedive of Egypt; Prince Mohammed, Ali-Kahn, the Turkish Envoy; Munir Pasha, the Papal Nuncio, and a lot of others all arrived within an hour of each other this afternoon.

Americans generally are to the fore in the Jubilee, though vast numbers, after a few days in London, fled to the country. Nearly all the American residents and those who have taken houses here for the season will entertain largely, and are making elaborate preparations to illuminate their residences.

Mrs. John W. Mackay will not entertain extensively on account of being in mourning. Her sister, Countess Telfaner, and one of the officers of the Pope's Guard, who accompanies the Papal Nuncio, are staying with Mrs. Mackay at her residence on Carlton House Terrace.

William Waldorf Astor will entertain the visiting Colonial Premiers at Cliveden next week.

Among the prominent Americans who are enjoying the Jubilee festivities are General E. Burd Grubb and Mrs. Grubb, of New Jersey; John Shults, of New York, and Mr. George Raum of California.

The United States Ambassador, Colonel John Hay, the staff of the United States Embassy, Rear-Admiral J. N. Miller, Commander William H. Emery, chief of Admiral Miller's staff, and Captain Cook, of the United States cruiser Brooklyn, have been given seats in St. Paul's churchyard for the ceremony of Tuesday. Lieutenant J. C. Colwell, U. S. N., naval attaché of the United States Embassy, will ride in the procesion with the Queen's Equerries.

After the procession Colonel Hay will entertain the Americans. His official dinner to Whitelaw Reid is fixed for June 29. Many English people and Americans have been invited, and invitations have also been sent to several foreign envoys.

Rear-Admiral Miller gave a reception to-day on board the United States cruiser Brooklyn. Admiral Sir Nowell Salmon, the British naval commander at Portsmouth, and many other British and foreign admirals and commanders were present.

General Nelson A. Miles, who represents the United States Army at the Jubilee, and his aide-de-camp, Captain P. Maus, took up their quarters at the Buckingham Palace Hotel to-day.

The United States Embassy is besieged morning and night by visiting Americans, who are strenuous in their endeavors to secure special facilities for witnessing the Jubilee procession. Many of them had the idea that the United States Ambassador had tickets to distribute and they were deeply disappointed when informed that no special provision had been made to entertain Americans.

One of the professors of Cornell University called at the Embassy to-day to request seats for himself and his friends, and was told that none could be furnished him. He thereupon demanded to know why the British Government had not reserved a stand for American visitors and was told that he must purchase tickets, as the British subjects had to do.